BELLUM Presbyteriale.

Or, as much said for the

PRESBYTER

As may be.

TOGETHER WITH THEIR

COVENANTS CATASTROPHE.

Held forth in an Heroick Poem.

By *Matth. Stevenson*, Gent.

Tantum Relligio potuit suadere malorum.

LONDON,
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To my very good Friend,

Dr. COLLINS.

SIR,

I Joy to hear of your Conformity, and think what comfort it must needs be to that Reverend Father, your Bishop. I wish you many and happy dayes in your Cassock and Surplice; nor am I less glad you have cast off your mourning Cloak of Presbytery, *which I am sure S.* Paul *will never send you back to* Troas *for;* Præstat recurrere quam malè currere. *These twenty years has the Church, like another* Rebecca, *laboured of two Nations in her troubled womb; the* Presbyterians *endeavouring might and main to supplant the Bishops, and plant a company of stinking Elders in their places. But (God be thanked) the Confederates have miss'd their mark. My Title-page speaks of War, but peace to you:*

Tu

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

——— Tu tantùm vivere pugna
Inque pios dominæ poſſe redire ſinus.

Which, for the better underſtanding of ſuch as never arriv'd at Corinth, *is thus:*

——— Fight you to ſcape,
And ſafe retreat into your Ladies Lap.

But Sir, did not my good meaning hope for ſome Candour and acceptance, I ſhould never have had the confidence to preſent your judicious eye with a Toy *ſo beneath you. Sir, I wiſh you well; nay, more, that you were a Biſhop: and that you may ſoon be ſo, is the hearty Prayer of him that was ſometime a Member of yours, but ſtill is, and ever ſhall be*

SIR,

Your humble Servant,

M. STEVENSON.

BELLUM Presbyteriale.

HAve ye not ſeen the *Coles* that lively burn,
Of their own *Aſhes* make themſelves an *Urn*:
And on occaſion from their ſhady bed
Make ſpeedy reſurrection from the Dead?
Such are thoſe Claſſick *Glowings* that long lie
Rak'd up in *Embers* of *Obſcurity*;
Whoſe envious *Sparks* the *Presbyterian* locks
In his cloſe breaſt, as in a *Tinderbox*,
And but the dread of juſt Revenge doth hinder,
Would turn the *Surplice* & *Lawn-ſleeves* to Tinder;
Nay, for a little profit, or a Name,
Set ev'n the ſacred *Temple* on a *flame*.
His *Spleen* has its *Dimenſions* ſo out-ſwoln,
No man can think the fire from *Heav'n* was ſtoln,
Which, like thoſe *Lamps* reſerved from the *Air*
Continue burning many hundred year.

So *Presbyterians* age to age conceal
The *fiery* bowels of their lurking zeal:
As if the sulph'rous *Cakes* of that deep Cell
Were as *eternal* as the *fire* of *Hell.*
They wrap the White Witch in a *Cloud* of night,
Dark as the Curtains of false *FAUX* his light,
Til mischief prompts them to't, then, then, they double
Their flames, & make the *Church* & *State* their stubble;
And would forestall (their fury is so fierce)
The Conflagration of the *Universe.*
Some smaller lights hover to and again,
Which we call *Will ith' Wisp*, or Lanthorn men,
These like the *Gloworm*, that terrestrial star,
Do sometimes glitter, sometimes disappear.
Or like *Joan*'s Candle else, this twinkling train
Are out and in, and in and out again.
These are those lights upon the Stage, we see
Ye going now to act your *Tragedie:*
Those *Heresies* I mean, those *Schisms* and *Sects*
By you directed to those sad effects.
You the *Pyrites* are; these sparks are some
Of those that from your flinty bosoms come.
You are the *Stone*, the *Steel*, *Sulphur* and *Match*,
These only *Tinder* are, and apt to catch:
In sum thus only differ your Conditions,
You are the *Ætna*, these the *Evomitions.*
And more than this, your actions vary not,
One is the *Canon*, th' other the *Case-shot.*

For

For, in a word, 'tis plain ye both conſpire
To ſet the *Kingdom* and the *Church* on *fire*.
And to that end the furious brood of *Smec*
Judging themſelves too long kept under Deck;
As eager *Maſtiffs* that have long time lain
Under reſtraint of a commanding chain,
And now got looſe, there's nothing in their way
Which to their teeth ſhall not become a prey.
So 'tis, theſe *Claſſick* Currs do nothing fear,
But like *Acteons* Dogs their *Maſter* tear.
Well had it been, and had I had my will,
Theſe *Tygres* ſhould have been kept muzled ſtill.
Foxes I ſay, that our *Church-Vine* deface,
And plant their ſtinking *Elders* in the place.
Which they begin, for now of late theſe *Rabbies*
Have made *Cathedrals* like old wildred *Abbies*,
And with the *Draggon* with all fury preſs
To drive the *Church* into the *Wilderneſs*.
With their black brood of Angels, Sons of *Hell*,
They help the *Devil* againſt St. *Michael*.
There you may look before you and behind,
And in the *Windows* read your envious mind.
Which makes me wonder how that Clergy looks
To have their *Elders* learn'd, and burn their Books!
But this of all I do the ſtrangeſt deem,
That *Presbyterians*, who would *Chriſtians* ſeem,
Should ſo forget themſelves as not afford
A reverence to the ſhadow of their *LORD*;

But

But he muſt ſuffer by the *Engliſh Jew*,
As in his *Perſon*, ſo his *Pourtraict* too.
'Cauſe crucifying at *Jeruſalem*
Was not enough, he now is ſton'd by them;
Nay, and his *Mother* that ſtands weeping by
Muſt have her Scene too in the *Tragedy*.
Like men poſſeſs'd they dwell amongſt the *Tombs*,
And rifle *Graves*, and *dead* mens reſting Rooms.
Whom the bleſt *Virgin* cannot *exorciſe*
With all the *holy water* of her Eyes.
Pitty us Heaven, that labour of a *Curſe*,
Were Hell broke looſe we could not ſure be worſe:
The *Biſhop* doubtleſs with much quiet bears
His loſſes, and forgives the *Plunderers*,
Who in ſo *Sacrilegious* ſteps have trod,
They have not ſpar'd the very *Houſe of God*:
And thus methinks I hear them check their Care,
Can *Servants* better than their *Maſters* fare?
To rob the *Church* a ſin is of that ſtature,
Heathens abhorr'd it by the light of Nature.
A num'rous Army before *Delphos* fell,
Though it were but the Devil's *Oracle*.
With us the Caſe (to greater ſin) does vary;
For *God's* own *Houſe* does need a *Sanctuary*.
But this our ſhame, O may it ne'r be known!
The hands that robb'd our *GOD* have been our own.
And what a vain excuſe we do alledge,
Pull *Idols* down, and commit *Sacriledge*.

Thus

Thus, *PRESBYTERS*, ye ſee what ye have done,
Brought *CHURCH* and *STATE* into Confuſion.
EPISCOPACY (as it well appears)
Has proſper'd in this *Church* a thouſand years.
Look back upon the *Church*, you may derive
Its Inſtitution from the *Primitive*.
In ſacred Scripture no where it appears,
Titus and *Timothy* were *PRESBYTERS*.
True, ſuch there were with *Biſhops* (if you'l hav't)
Contemporary, but ſubordinate.
It were a fond Conceit, and over-reach'd,
To ſay the *Aſs* was *Balaam* 'cauſe he preach'd.
To rule without a King is to no boot:
And ſhall the *Church* have neither Head nor Foot?
What Order in the *Church* or *State* would be,
We are convinc'd by our late *ANARCHY*;
When, notwithſtanding all the *Lights* ye boaſt,
We were in Darkneſs, worſe than *Ægypt*, loſt,
Ægyptians, *Prince* and *Peaſant*, the Text ſaies,
Aroſe not from their places in three daies;
Yet they knew where they were, which is much more
Than we, I'm ſure, could ſay this good while; for
Ev'ry man with us is out of 's place,
The Servant now is where his Maſter was;
Where the *KING* ſate enthron'd (under the *Roſe*)
The Beggar has advanc'd his *COPPER-NOSE*.
Now the *CLOWN* Lords it, and the *Gentleman*
Sees that it will be ſo do what he can.

Whoſe

Whoſe *Taylor's* on his back, his thefts enchaſes
In characters of *Gold* and *ſilver laces.*
The *Councellor* is brought into diſgrace,
And for ſupply, the *Fool* is in his place.
And now to ſee how times and ſeaſons alter,
The *Thief* condemns the *Judge* unto the Halter!
Well may the *Judge* in admiration ſtand,
And (as the Thief did once) hold up his hand;
Yet ſtrange not at this *Metamorphoſis*,
Holding up hands has been the cauſe of this.
To the *Exchequer* whom would ye prefer,
The *Cheater* is already *Treaſurer.*
Touching the *Church*, (O that it were a Dream!)
The *Croſier*'s turn'd into a *Weavers* beam.
In the *Dean*'s Pulpit is a Taylor heard,
That meaſures Time, not by the Glaſs, but Yard.
Weavers and *Taylors*? how's that underſtood?
Are they to coat the *Fathers*? why that's good.
Wolves in ſheeps cloathing preach unto their Dams,
To have a care of their own tender Lambs.
The Soldier preaches with his Sword by's ſide,
As if therewith he would his Text divide,
And open what he underſtandeth not,
As *Alexander* did the *Gordion* knot.
With infinite Inverſions ſuch as theſe;
As if the whole were the *Antipodes*,
Learning and Liberal Arts turn'd out of door,
All were decry'd: *Turciſm* commands no more.

We

We put the BIBLE thus (Oh ſin of Man!)
In competition with the *ALCHORAN.*
A thing that fals to nothing, if ſhe chance
To crack the crazy Crutch of Ignorance:
Thus in a maze they have bewildred us;
None but our GOD can be our *Dædalus.*
But this was their deſign, theſe their intents,
To tear our Church in pieces for her *Rents*;
A thing my hopes perſwade ſhall never be,
Maugre the handy-crafted *Hierarchy.*
Thoſe curſed *Corahs*, thoſe *Church-Catilines*,
The ſcue-bald *Synod*, and her *Club-Divines*,
Hells Ambuſcado, nor a *Scotiſh* lurch
Shall ſet a *Kirk* a tiptoes on our *CHURCH*,
Which into heaps (I hope) ſhall ne'r be hurl'd,
Until the ſecond *Chaos* of the World,
Under which (as by Record it appears)
England has flouriſh'd many hundred years.
Ye bend your bows though, and prepare to fight,
Biſhops the marks are, and *Lawn ſleeves* the white.
Inſtead of our Church-Muſick ye ſuppoſe
None like the twang of the *Organick Noſe.*
But yet if ſome (you ne'r ſhall know for certain,
If I mean *Burgeſs*, and Sir *Harry Marten*)
Had in their *Stews* met but with ſelf-like choices,
Their want of Noſes had untun'd their voices.
The purity in *Surplice* ſignifi'd,
Ye, as the Whore of *Bab'lons* Smock, deride.

Goodneſs! how came this ſecret to be known?
Did any ſiſter meaſure't by her own?
So likewiſe that Church-Ornamental *Cope*
Ye call the outward Garment of the *POPE*,
Forgetting theſe things only repreſent
Paul's Decency, *Order* and *Ornament*.
And fondly you that *Superſtition* make,
Which wiſer men but for diſtinction take.
Of Biſhops ye complain there's too great plenty,
And yet for one ye ſtrive to ſet up twenty;
But better with *Alcides* trace the liſts,
Than *Bryareus* that has an hundred fiſts.
Athens can tell you (with a dolefull groan)
That thirty *Tyrants* oftner ſtruck than one:
In *Church* or *State* the difference we ſee
MONARCHY is prefer'd to *ANARCHY*.
But all the buſineſs whence they ſo diſpleaſe
Is only this, their *Lands* and *Pallaces*.
You therefore in deep policy think fit,
Joſeph for his gay Coat ſhould to the *Pit*.
Beloved you very impatient are
To keep your breeches out of *Moſes* Chair,
Ye would ſo fain be ſitting at the Helm,
Though ye the *Church* ſhould in the waves o'rwhelm
O how ye tack about, ſtill to enure
The Needle to your Northern *Cynoſure*.
But this ſhall come to paſs, would ye know when?
At the Greek *Calends*, and ſoon enough then.

Now

Now let me give you but a Character
Of a young *Anglo-Scotic PRESBYTER:*
Firſt he is one whoſe face with hair's thin thatch'd,
One that in *Scoggen's* pyde Crows neſt was hatch'd,
Who not yet fleg his godly Mother ſet
An *Ordination* of the *KIRK* to get,
Wherein ſhe ſoon prevail'd, and at the grant
He ſtretch'd his jawes, and gulpt the *COVENANT*;
He knew not what *Epicopacy* was,
And that indeed made him the better paſs.
Strait then out-went this new imbrother'd Elf,
And the next Village ſet up for himſelf.
He call'd in th' Elders, and he choſe out twelve;
And now the Hatchet having got an Helve,
He hew'd down ſin, and that ſame very year
Moſt of the ſiſters backward fell for fear,
Or elſe for love; for on a time being ſifted,
They found the man moſt able and well gifted;
He often knock'd the Fathers out of joynt:
No matter though, he ſtill preſs'd home the point.
The Elders Wives were every Sermon at,
Yet were not conſtant Hearers for all that.
When any Law-ſute in the Pariſh fell,
He and his *JURY* judged *ISRAEL.*
If any one without his leave ſhould wed,
They found his leaving when they went to bed:
And more than this this Novice dares to do,
Yet this is it ye bring the *Engliſh* to.

But ſtay, though this of *Scotiſh* ſlaves be born,
It is a thraldom *Engliſh* ſpirits ſcorn.
When a *Deacon* ſhall a Sermon make,
And for his Context all the Bible take;
Here we might, may be, grant him our conſents,
If he were Regiſter to both Teſtaments:
But ramble how he pleaſe, he's in his Road,
For in the Pulpit he ſtill walks abroad;
And if this hour he ſingle out a Text,
It is enough if they two meet the next.
If he can but devoutly rail upon
The pride of *Prelats*, all his work is done.
Or if he can but tell the People how
The Saints have given their Foes an Overthrow;
It is no matter if he *Nedham* quotes:
Thus a *Diurnal* ſerves him for his Notes.
Men need not queſtion the *Analyſis*,
His Sermon nothing but Diviſion is.
Once he preach'd Faith, the *Publick-faith* I mean,
And that did work Repentance on moſt men;
For what that old News-monger *Nedham* ſaith
Was call'd the *Publick*, prov'd the *Punick* faith,
A kind of *Philoſophick* faith, by which
Scarce e'r was poor man ſav'd, I'm ſure no rich.
But when ye pray, or rather when ye prate;
For many times ye talk ye know not what.
Then as if God forgat what went before,
Ye to't again, and tel't him ore and ore.

In

In terms impertinent, full of *levity*,
Flatneſs, *Confuſion*, and *Obſcurity*,
With Repetitions *Vain*, *Ridiculous*,
Senſeleſs, and too too often *Blaſphemous*,
So tedious, it does all mens patience wrong,
May be ſome Females fancie what is long.
If this the *Spirit* be, then I profeſs
The *Spirit* leads y' into the *Wilderneſs*,
Where you might loſe your ſelf, but that no doubt,
You know in prayer you are eaſily out.
The *Laver* of *Regeneration* you
Quite lay aſide with the *Baptiſmall Vow*.
The *Eunuch* (if amongſt your *Claſſick* Cinders)
Could not have ſaid, *here's water*, then *what hinders?*
What elſe would ye, but in your vaſt deſire
Foreſtall *Chriſt*'s Office, and baptize with fire?
When at the Table of the Lord we ſtay
For *Bread* and *Wine*, ye ſend us empty away.
Whom we muſt therefore worſe than Papiſts call,
For they give half, but you give none at all
And with your *Phariſaick Demagogs*,
Call it a giving *Childrens* bread to Dogs.
Claſſicks take heed, 'twill be remembered,
Ye gave *Chriſts* hungry people ſtones for bread.
For Funerals, y' have brought us to that paſs,
No burial but the burial of an Aſſe:
Methinks a word were ſweet in ſuch a place,
Where *Death* even looks the People in the face.

In Through

Through the Deceaſed's Coffin, ſuch a ſight
Would of an *ATHEIST* turn a *PROSELITE.*
Nay, very Dreams do ſometimes men convert,
The Phanſie turning Preacher to the Heart.
When could your words pierce deeper, than impreſt
VVhen Fear and Sorrow have poſſeſt the breaſt?
Dumb Dogs that from the Houſe of Mourning ſneak
Leaving the more relenting ſtones to ſpeak.
Strange kind of Brethren! neither will give bread
To thoſe that live, nor bury thoſe are dead.
But what My Saviour ſaid, ſo ſay I too.
Forgive them, Lord, they know not what they do.
But ye may ſee, if on your Schiſms ye look,
You dearly want our Divine *Service-Book.*
In which is wrapt up ſuch a Form of Prayer.
As (next Chriſts Pattern) does tranſcend compare,
Nothing being in't but of approved worth,
Nothing but what the Sacred Text holds forth,
Even in its phraſe and method ſignifi'd
In terms expreſs, or at the leaſt imply'd.
It paſs'd the perſecution, 'twere a ſtory
Too dire and diſmal for your *DIRECTORY.*
This they have left us for the *CHURCHES* good,
Seal'd and deliver'd with their own hearts blood:
A Heavenly Legacy; By my conſent
It ſhall be call'd, The *Biſhops TESTAMEMT.*
VVhich you that ſlight, were you your turns to take
Ye would be brought (I doubt) as Bears to th' ſtake.

VVhilſt

VVhilſt for your *IDOL* none a Faggot kiſs:
Biſhops have bled, *Biſhops* have broyl'd for this.
But Faction and Ambition were the cauſe,
And not Religion, Conſcience, or the Laws:
The *Mitre* and the means belonging to't
Was that which ſet this holy war on foot.
And finding now the Spirits Sword to fail,
The arm of fleſh muſt help it to prevail.
VVhen Rebels draw the Sword upon their *KING*,
Into the fire they muſt the Scabberd fling:
No dallying now, down goes the *Church*'s hedge,
To make an open way for *SACRILEDGE*,
And the Scotch Boar forthwith 's invited in
To be partaker of the Prey and Sin:
VVho ſeeing in what ſtraight our *Claſſicks* lay,
Though he ſcarce patience had to keep away,
But like a Garriſon that muſt reſign,
On terms though ne'r ſo hard, rather than pine;
Or as the *Scythians* that have never fled
Their Countrey Confines, but for want of bread.
So ſaid theſe *SCOTS*, come, up, and let us go,
There's Corn in *Ægypt*, yea, and *Fleſh-pots* too.
But ſtay awhile, the *Jewes* muſt *Sampſon* bind,
Or we have Caſtles in the Air deſign'd.
They muſt take *Strafford* off, whoſe ſingle worth
Does weigh down all the Vertue of the *North*,
Thus *Wentworth* dy'd, whoſe Innocence was ſuch,
That all the Law in *England* could not touch.

Thus

Thus fell the *Churches* Champion, hurry'd hence
To leave the *Temple* void of a defence.
Nor is this ſcum yet to aſſiſtance drawn,
Till they to them their Souls in *Cov'nant* pawn.
Hinc illæ lachrymæ, Hence theſe Traytors bring
The Land infected with the curſed thing.
This long time Loyal, Learned Church muſt bow
To the *Scotch Kirk*, ſhe is her Miſtris now.
The Copy's ſet, and *ENGLAND* it appears
Muſt follow't though in bloudy Characters.
Now comes the *Army*, which, did you but ſee,
You'd ſwear it were a Goal-deliverie.
Firſt came the Pedlar *Laſhley* with his pack,
Not of ſmal wares, but Oatmeal at his back;
Next came the Horſe, which ſo beheltred were,
A man would think them going to a Fair.
The Trumpet ſounded *boote-ſele* long,
But *Deil* a boot or Saddle in the throng,
Except ſome *Jockie*, galled with a botch,
Got a blew Cap to gratifie his notch.
I wonder they ne'r in the ſtirrop hung,
For either foot was with a halter ſtrung;
By which it doth evidently appear,
They came to do much execution here.
Their boots were wiſps they on their Legs did draw,
Who then can ſay, they were not worth a ſtraw?
Thus on their Galloways while the Army jogs,
Ye'd ſwear their muckle Horſe were Maſtiff Dogs.

Of

On whoſe keen backs they did their bums endorſe,
As men condemn'd to ride the wooden horſe.
The Foot march'd in ſuch haſte, as I ſuppoſe,
Many a leg there was out-ran his hoſe.
Their clothes ſo tatter'd were, one would have ſwore
That they had been in fight the day before;
For every Suite ſo ſcollop'd was with rags,
Like Dung-hill-Rakers that had rob'd their bags.
O, had the Army ſtood a little ſtill,
What work had there been for a Paper-mill!
But that in thoſe ſo antiquated Cuts
The '*Squiers* of the body had their Huts;
Of all the Shirts upon their backs, was found
Scarce ſo much Lint would dreſs a ſingle wound.
I might march on, but here's enough of theſe:
Volumns muſt ſpeak their *Bags* and *Baggages*.
Now *Presbyterians* view your proper ſtudds,
Theſe are the *Saints* ye fetcht for all our Goods,
And becauſe thoſe were not enough, they ſold
Their *Sovereign Lord* and Maſter too for *Gold*.
See now your *Images*, your golden Calves,
With price and pray'r procur'd in your behalves:
And by vaſt ſums it plainly does appear,
That (truly) theſe have been your brethren dear.
And certainly you here the Jewes out-do,
To give your ear-rings, and your Lop-ears too;
Nay, ſuch a falſe, ſuch an impoſt'rous Crew
Are yet to learn the way of meaning true.

And have a form of fallacy in *KIRK*,
Mecha would not accept it for her *Turk*.
Thus in pretence to bring the Goſpel to us,
Ye throng'd in ſwarms of Locuſts to undo us,
Panthers and *Tygres*, a ravenous race
Of *Harpies* that foreſtall the ſaying Grace.
Harpies? I do correct my haſty pen,
Theſe Miſcreants had not the face of men.
Theſe are your friendly friends; indeed theſe are
Saints, Canoniz'd in *Satans* Calendar.
Diſſention kindled Zealots that deſire,
Like *Salamanders* ſtill to live in fire.
Yet to theſe Vagrants have ye (as I ſaid)
Your *KING*, your Country, & your *Church* betrayd;
This was the Crew wherewith ye *England* vext:
Doubtleſs ye mean to bring the Devil next.
But wicked Wagg'ners, ſee what ye have done,
Aſpiring to the Charriot of the Sun;
Like buſie Flyes ye at the Candle aim,
And ſcorch your ſelves to Cinders in the flame.
Was it for this ye waded through a floud
Of Widdows tears, and a red Sea of *blood*?
When to your ſelves ye did propound whole Realms
An *INDEPENDENT* all the plot o'rwhelms.
And on the tropick of your trophies ſtands,
Murd'ring your *KING* when you had bound his hands
You that *Malignant* call'd the Cavallier:
Who is Malignant now? *JACK PRESBYTER*.

What

What have ye gotten, you and your Scotch Lyon,
That built up *Babel*, and demoliſht *Sion*?
This Up-ſtart Viper all the wealth does ſhare,
By you begotten on the womb of war.
Thus they whoſe hopes had made them more than (proud,
For their ſo long'd for *Juno* graſp'd a cloud;
Nor is there Law more right, more juſt, more due,
Than Plunder-Maſters ſhould be plunder'd too.
Now they have left off action in this Nation,
And are turn'd wholly into Contemplation,
Which contradicts the *Academick* Art,
Where Theory ſucceeds the practick part.
Platonick *Presbyters*, how do their Fancies range
For ſights ith' air, and prodigies more ſtrange
Than true! That *Monſter* in the News books read,
Of which the Parſon brought the Wife to bed.
This is a Fable, and was got ('tis plain)
As *Jove* once got *Minerva*, of his brain.
But if ye could not Treaſon, once a foot,
Drive on with Arms, *Bug-bears* ſhall never do't.
A rout of holy Hell-hounds that have wrought
Treaſon that others never durſt have thought,
For aggravation of whoſe puniſhment,
God has not thought ye worthy to repent.
As if it were a ſin that (while ye live)
Heav'n never had intention to forgive.
Or ſure ſo mild, ſo mercifull a *PRINCE*
Might of your ſtubborneſs your hearts convince.

But they (and often ſo it comes to paſs)
Whoſe hands were *Iron*, have their faces *braſs*.
Guilt feeds the fire whoſe inward burning throws
This cloud of ſmoak upon your duskie brows,
And brands ye with *Cain*'s mark, where e'r ye go
Any man may a *PRESBYTERIAN* know.
And without judging doubtleſs men may ſay't,
It is a Prologue to your future fate,
Who thus foreſtall the Office of the *Shrieve*,
And hang your ſelves in ſpite of a reprieve.

THE

THE EXECUTION OF THE COVENANT,

Burnt by the Common Hang-man *Ed. Dun*, Presbyter, *May* 22. 1661.

THe news I pray! what doth this Throng infer?
Do ye not know? *DUN* is turn'd *Presbyter.*
Well then! I ſee the Bretheren in ſpite
Of *BISHOPS*, have obtain'd a *PROSELITE*;
One that will ſoon be on the Rigid Score,
And be a cauſe of turning many more.
Make him an *ELDER* then! Indeed ye ſhall;
For he is one that may Advance you all.
That he is now a *BROTHER* you muſt grant,
For I did ſee him take the COVENANT.
Take it indeed; yet you muſt underſtand,
'Twas but to give't the honour of his Hand:

Which

Which he vouchſaf'd with freedom and a ſmile,
And ſtrait commits it to the Fun'ral pile.
In which he ſhew'd himſelf a CHRISTIAN right,
To let the works of darkneſs come to light.
Bark then *PHANATICKS*, who, like *Demophon*,
Glow in the ſhade, and freeze ſtill in the Sun.
Howl *Millenaries*, *Independents* too,
And *Anabaptiſts* that Heretick Crew
Of *Presbyterian* By-blows; If theſe flaſhes
Be ſacred to you, come and Urn the Aſhes:
For we eſteem the Reliques of theſe Sheets
Too dirty and debaucht to pave our ſtreets.
This Mouth-Granado from that Scotch Witch came
To ſet three glorious Kingdoms in a flame.
A Covenant? No, 'twas a Conſpiracy,
Plotted by Brethren in Iniquity.
Treaſon, to which the acts of *Catiline*,
Sylla and *Marius* were deem'd Divine.
Bold *Aſſaſſins* that durſt attempt all ill,
And Hollocauſt whole Kingdoms to Self-will.
Mend, mend for ſhame, your Brother elſe will look,
To hang the Authors as he burnt the Book:
But he preſumes, or hopes ye'l rather turn,
Than follow your black *Junto* to the Urn.
While I thus thinking am, who would deſire
(Were it to roaſt a RUMP) a fitter fire?
In which it now hath pleas'd the Fates to grant
The Diſſolution of the COVENANT.

FINIS.